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The Greatest Musical Feast of the Year!

ORATORIO

"The Messiah"

May 30, at Auditorium.

Grand Concert

May 31, at Opera House.

ORATORIO

"The Creation"

June 1, at Auditorium.

... THE BEST MUSICAL TALENT OF THE EAST HAS BEEN SECURED ...

Rendered by Mme. Generva Johnston Bishop, Soprano; Miss Myrtle Marie White, Contralto; Charles W. Clark, Basso; J. Stanley Davies, Tenor; assisted by Miss Marie Cobb, Pianist, all of whom are Artists.

The Price of Season Ticket to all Three Events With Reserved Seat \$1.50.

Single Admission, Reserved Seat, 75 cents and \$1.

The Concert to be given the Night of May 31 is Worth the Price of Admission Charged for All Three Dates

Reserved Seats can be secured at Romig & Howard's for Messiah and Creation and Howe's Jewelry Store for Grand Concert on Season Tickets May 22 to 25. Single Tickets, reserved seats 75c to \$1, secured at same places after May 25.

Chorus of One Hundred Voices!

The Orchestra will consist of Thirty Trained Musicians, specially rehearsed for this occasion.

Miss Jessie L. Clark, Musical Director.

H. G. Toler, Business Manager.

Feud of Blood

British Garrison at Peshawar
In Terror of the Afridis.

New York, May 20.—The World publishes the following regarding the blood feud between Afridis and British soldiers, which is said to be alarming the garrison of Peshawar:

"The fat white man is dead."

"His clothing is away upon him. Also there is much blood."

"Ye shall know who struck. It is the Zakka-Kheyl. The feud of the blood brothers."

"He paled. The steel hushed him. He rolled on his back. His eye is dull."

"The eyes that were big with terror."

"His mouth was open, but the voice was dead."

"He was not the last. There is still the Feud. Look to it, white men!"

"Let the women have no fear."

"The feud is the feud of the men that came to fight."

"Oh, the poor, fat white man! Look upon him!"

"And keep ye guard yet a little."

"It is the feud; the feud!"

This is the song of the Zakka-Kheyl. This, or something like it, is the message they sent to the British garrison in Peshawar, Northern India. The subject of the taunting song was a bandman in the Hampshire regiment, who was found murdered not long ago under circumstances which could leave no doubt that he was slain by a Ghazi, a zealot sworn to kill, and to die, if need be, while killing.

After the recent border war between the British troops and the Afridis, most of the latter were pacified, and returned calmly to their old duties as warriors of the Khyber Pass, the narrow defile that leads from India to Afghanistan. They had fought and made peace, and all was well. But the Zakka-Kheyl were not satisfied. They had lost more heavily than any other tribe of the Afridis, and had not inflicted sufficient damage in return. Open warfare was impossible with the other tribes pacified, but there was still a way to even the score. Men vowed to kill could go down to Peshawar, "the rock of the Khyber," and kill by ones and twos until the debt was paid and the feud appeased. It is not a feud against individuals. Any Christian wearing the queen's uniform will do. Several soldiers had been murdered before the killing of the musician called attention to the matter. Now men go to their daily duty in fear and trembling. Battle is one thing. Most men can face that, in company and plenty of men to cheer them on. But the lone Ghazi, sworn to kill or die, crawling through the compound in the darkness like a venomous snake, noiseless and cool and keen on slaughter—the Ghazi with his knife gripped between his teeth and his soul ticketed to Paradise by the promise of the prophet—is a different affair.

It is a most extraordinary situation, that guard the pass will offer them no discourtesy; would be their defenders in case of need.

But the feud of the Zakka-Kheyl is on. Peshawar is a fashionable town. Its European quarter is like a section of Fifth avenue and Newport all in one—a bewildering medley of gay carriages,

brilliant costumes, parti-colored parasols, a paradise of sport, of golf, tennis, polo matches, pony racing, gambling in secret and in the open. And side by side with this vital, modern nineteenth century life, slinks the primal Cain, with his bared knife. Five o'clock tea parties, midnight massacres.

A dispatch to the London Times says intense excitement prevails at Peshawar. No one knows when or where the next blow will fall. Fall it certainly will, however, and another and another until the feud is stayed. The gray-bearded sweetmeat seller in the bazaar, seemingly half asleep over his wares, may be a Ghazi of the Zakka-Kheyl, waiting only for night that he may kill and flee to the hills. A wandering camel-driver, a juggler with his dirty red pipe and bag of snakes, a coolie on an embankment listening a song as he digs, each may be a murderer, implacable, impetuous to fear, with muscles of steel, a heart of ice and the patience of the East. As the spring caravans come in from far beyond Khyber with the vast trade of Central Asia—the furs, the teas, the bales of hand-woven rugs, the fat-tailed sheep—who is to know which pattering barefoot herdsman from the hills nurses the memory of a slain brother and cherishes the sweet hope of blood-vengeance?

Since Tangee was stamped out in India, no more remarkable conspiracy of crime has ever puzzled the Indian government. A man perfectly regardless of consequences, and determined upon killing, who is personally unknown and unsuspected, can always do the murder he plans.

The private warfare is hard upon the nerves of European soldiers, who for generations have not been accustomed to feud warfare. It makes an Englishman hot in the collar not to know who his foe is. Much blood is still to flow in Peshawar before the feud of the Zakka-Kheyl is satisfied, unless the government takes official cognizance of the campaign of private vengeance and reopens the border war by stamping out the Zakka-Kheyl. Lord Curzon will hesitate long before he comes to that decision.

BURLINGTON IS ABSORBING

Thirteen Lines are to be Added to That System.

Chicago, May 20.—A special meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road was held here today for the purpose of acquiring by actual purchase a number of lines which have heretofore been operated by the company under lease. There were 58,255 shares represented, all of which voted in the affirmative. The following is a list of the roads purchased: Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railroad company of Wisconsin and Minnesota; Chicago, Burlington and Northern Railroad company of Illinois; American Central Railway company; Chicago and Iowa Railroad company; Chicago and Rock River company; Dixon, Peoria and Hannibal Railroad company; Dixon and Quincy Railroad company; Ottawa, Oswego and Fox River Valley; Peoria and Hannibal; Quincy and Warsaw; Quincy, Alton and St. Louis; St. Louis, Rock Island and Chicago.

Van Wyck Uses the Vote.

New York, May 20.—Mayor Van Wyck today vetoed the non-partisan elections bill. The bill provided for the separation of the bureau of elections from the police department and the establishing of a bipartisan commission of four to have charge of the conduct of elections. The mayor gave no reasons for his action.

Old Aztec Mines

Treasure House of Montezuma
Has Been Discovered.

New York, May 20.—The World says Professor William Niven, the explorer and archaeologist, has discovered the mines from which the Aztecs of Mexico obtained their gold and from which the provincial treasure of the Montezumas came. Since 1889 Professor Niven has been searching for these mines. First he accurately located the capital of Montezuma's empire. He knew that historians said that the treasure house of the Montezumas was located some eighty leagues west or south-west, and after years of search he has found the mines. But one of them has been investigated. The vein in this is only three feet wide, but it assays \$5,000 a ton.

For centuries the Spaniards looted Mexico, and until they were driven out they were always able to extort gold from the Mexican natives. Many and many a device and untold torture were used to try to make those who knew tell the Spaniards where lay the mines from which the gold was obtained. None ever told. It has remained for a patient explorer to rediscover the long-abandoned mines.

In June of 1894 Professor Niven found the remains of a buried and prehistoric city, which has since been identified as Quechomictlan. At first Mr. Niven thought the ruins covered but a small area, but he has now changed his opinion. In one of his late letters he says: "I have taken 300 photographs of the ruins of Quechomictlan, which cover a much wider area than I had supposed—something like 1,000 square miles, in fact. Instead of eight temples there are more than twenty."

History has taught Mr. Niven that there was something else in Mexico besides ruins. He knew that in the days when Montezuma ruled over his Aztec gold was as common in Mexico as lead now is with us. For twelve years of that time he hunted himself with the lore of the Mexicans and for ten years of that time he has steadily sought the elucidation of the mystery of the "Lost Mines of the Montezumas." Now he thinks that he has found them.

Neither the glory nor the profit of his find can be taken from him. As long ago as 1895 he obtained a concession from the Mexican government that covered all his work, and he has secured most thorough protection. Besides locating the mines he has made a careful survey of the marvelous city he has discovered. The record of his discovery reads like a fairy tale. Not only does it show that the ancient city possessed a civilization little inferior to that of today, but it also shows that the city was probably the capital, or governing city, of the whole of Southern America. The main portion of the city, which had evidently been the great market of trade and the seat of the greater population, shows that the metropolis had boundaries greater than those of the present city of New York, and beyond this evidence of suburbs which must have made Quechomictlan larger than London.

Ornaments of all kinds, statues, gold images and human bones by the ton have been found by Mr. Niven and his workmen. The enormous number of skulls found is held to prove the entire accuracy of the old legends of the ghastly human sacrifices offered by the Aztecs at their religious celebrations. Cortez, who made the first of these reports, was looked upon

as a narrator of myths when he said that some of his soldiers had counted 130,000 skulls at one of the places of sacrifice, but the discoveries recently made confirm his truth. It is said that at the dedication of the great temple of Huital-potchi, in 1486, the ruins of which have been examined by Mr. Niven, the prisoners used for the sacrifice had been saved up for two years and had been drawn from all quarters of the empire. The ceremony of sacrifice consumed several days, and 20,000 captives are said to have been killed. The procession of victims was two miles long. No less than twenty of these temples, or pyramids of sacrifice, have been found by Mr. Niven, and each has an enormous heap of human bones near it.

The Montezuma whose treasure house Mr. Niven thinks he has uncovered was Montezuma II. He was more of a priest than a statesman, and, when notified of his election as emperor, he was found sweeping the stairs of the great temple of the war god. A year after his accession, however, there was a decided change in Montezuma. He had become noted for his success in battle and also for his arrogance, pomp and luxury. He carried his campaigns as far as Honduras and Nicaragua and looted those countries, as well as Mexico, of their wealth. He learned the secret of the mines of the Toltecs, the predecessors of the Aztecs, and it is said that at one time had 2,000 men working in the gold mines. He was at the height of his glory when Cortez entered Mexico. In 1519, Montezuma was not in the least glad to hear of the coming of the Spaniard, for there had been strange portents in the sky, and his soothsayers had told him that they foreboded the overthrow of the empire.

Among the other gifts which Cortez originally sent to Montezuma was a big steel helmet of Spanish manufacture. Montezuma sent it back, filled to the brim with grains of gold. He also sent an alligator's head, life size, of gold, and two great circular plates of gold and silver "of the bigness of a coach wheel," as the Spanish chronicler said. One was worth \$24,000. The presents were enough to fill one of the Spanish ships, and were nearly all of gold. There was never any suspicion that the metal had been brought from other countries. It seems to have been looked upon as an exclusively home product, and a cheap one at that. Cortez, having seen the gold, would not go away, and Montezuma was afraid to use force to drive the invader out. Owing to a disturbance which occurred at Vera Cruz, Cortez made it appear that he was the friend of Montezuma, and induced the emperor to meet him unaccompanied by guards. When the emperor went to the meeting place he was made prisoner by Cortez and was taken to the Spanish headquarters. In June, 1520, the people of the capital rose in revolt and besieged the Spaniards in their quarters. Things looked so bad for the Spaniards that Cortez, hoping to influence the Mexicans, induced Montezuma to address his subjects from the battlements and plead for peace.

At first Montezuma was listened to with respect, but at length his appeals on behalf of the white men so exasperated the Mexicans that they refused to listen. A shower of missiles was discharged at him, a stone struck him on the temple, and he fell senseless. He refused all remedies, the bandages from his wounds and died in a few days.

Wm. Niven, the man who has found the emperor's treasure place, is a native of Glasgow. He came to America in his youth, and spent the years from 1873 to 1889 prospecting in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico. He was assistant

commissioner of Arizona at the world's fair.

AUSTRALIAN COAST HORROR

Fearful Record of One of the Worst
Tornadoes in History.

Victoria, B. C., May 20.—Shortly before the just-arrived steamer *Miwera* left Sydney for this port, the cutter *Myatery* returned to Cooktown from the scene of the recent disaster by hurricane on the north Queensland coast, by which practically every vessel engaged in the pearl fishery was wrecked and much property lost ashore and offshore. The sight that met the eyes of the relief expedition along the desolate coast were horrifying beyond description. At one place where a picturesque fishing village with a population of 200 had stood, neither house nor tree nor living thing was left. The site of the little settlement looked like new plowed land and the survivors among the fishing boats had fled for safety to an inland town twelve miles distant. There and further along the coast mangled bodies of men and domestic animals were found. Several were secured with some difficulty, wedged in the branches of trees that had defied the storm, where they had been blown from distances as great as a quarter of a mile. The *Myatery's* officers and crew recovered in all fifty-eight bodies, of which eighteen were identified and claimed by mourning relatives. Of the remaining forty, thirty-six were natives, whose remains were given respectable burial in one great trench. The *Myatery* party found large fish and wreckage thirty and forty feet above high-water level, and trees and vegetation leveled for upward of fifty miles along the coast. An official report says that eight-hundred vessels were wrecked and that 38 persons lost their lives.

MANUSCRIPT IN A BOTTLE

Written by the Werfa's Sole Survivor.

Who Is a Castaway.

Victoria, B. C., May 20.—News has at last been received of the schooner *Werfa*, which left Dunedin N. Z., last September, on an inter-island trading expedition with a party of nineteen. The schooner, as had been feared for some time, was completely wrecked and all but one of those who started out on her were lost. Details of the disaster have not been received; in fact, all the news of the accident that had reached Sydney up to the time that the *Miwera* sailed was contained in a message from the only survivor. His message was in a bottle found at Starwell park, near Hohenburg, N. E. W., on April 1. It read: "October 25, 1898—Schoner *Werfa*, Captain Johnston from Dunedin, N. Z., wrecked in about latitude 22, longitude 47. All hands lost but me. Am on an island somewhere off the coast of New South Wales." The writer did not sign his name, and all who had friends on board have joined in sending an expedition to search for him.

MINERS' FAMILIES WILL SUFFER

Coal Mines at Crested Butte, Colorado, Closed Down.

Crested Butte, Col., May 20.—The Colorado Fuel and Iron company has closed its coal mine at this place indefinitely, throwing 300 men out of employment. The mine, which is one of the principal ones owned by the company, was the sole support of the town and unless work is resumed soon great suffering must ensue. Officers of the company say their reason for closing the mine is that they can produce coal more cheaply at other mines. Others acquainted with the situation think the company is curtailing its output in anticipation of a rise in the price of coal.

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